

large upper chamber, the house was filled with a mighty rushing sound, but unlike it instead of a tongue of fire we had a tongue of brass. It took a whole day to recuperate the overstrained ear drums, but it took a much longer time to find a listener who could recall that the preacher had said anything, while the man who was edified didn't turn up at all. Elocution is a good thing, but yellocution belongs to a past age. Noise is no longer mistaken for sense.

From Heaven

It would certainly appear to be reasonable that after nineteen centuries of ever widening conquest the genius of Christianity can point triumphantly to the test of Gamaliel in confirmation of its divine claims; "for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." The frigid environment of poverty, obscurity and neglect tried to overthrow it; the fiendish ambition and murderous cunning of Herod tried to overthrow it; the contempt and scorn of the influential classes tried to overthrow it; the open and bitter hostility of the ecclesiastical rulers tried to overthrow it; the murderous outburst of a fiend possessed nation tried to overthrow it; the accommodating assistance of Pilate's armed legions and autocratic authority tried to overthrow it; the irresistible power of the Roman empire tried to overthrow it; the incredible cruelties of Papal persecution tried to overthrow it; the ceaseless attacks of Voltarian ridicule and sceptical wit have tried to overthrow it; the more insidious schemes of textual criticism have tried to overthrow it; Ingersollian screeches have just about exhausted themselves at the same task; which brings us up to date, and face to face with triumphant Christianity, more firmly fixed than ever in the hearts of men, in the splendid civilization of our times, in the puissant evolution of forces for the regeneration of heathendom, and in the brighter day and better hope for struggling humanity which illuminates the dawn of a new century.

How long would any merely human scheme survive, begun without means or influence, and carried on in the face of such gigantic, implacable, universal opposition? The empire of Alexander, supported by invincible military power and unlimited wealth, did not survive its founder. The genius, the armies, the victories of a Napoleon did not suffice to hide from his eyes the final and total overthrow of his cause; but this babe born in a stable and cradled in a manger, without influence, without wealth, without armies and navies, builds an empire which has survived the centuries, and bids fair, tho we judge in the light of reason alone, to go on down the centuries to come, becoming

more powerful, solving all the problems of humanity, pulling down all oppressions, proclaiming all emancipations, developing all bright possibilities, until the dream of universal brotherhood shall be released. If we add to the merely human difficulties and human opposition which it has overcome that other and doubtless more powerful hostility of invisible enemies, powers of darkness, spiritual wickedness in high places, we are still more irresistibly forced to the conclusion that "this counsel and this work" was not of men.

No alternative remains but to confess that the babe in that Bethlehem manger was from heaven. He was God incarnate. He came clothed with the authority and power of Omnipotence. Even his infant hands were strong enough to strangle the serpent. In that manger was cradled the hope of the world, comfort for all of its sorrows, healing for all its wounds, help for all of its extremity, joy for all of its anguish, rest for all of its weariness, pardon for all of its sin.

Oh, how the sore heart of the world turns to that manger, that cross, that opening sepulchre, where hope was born, and love was revealed, and victory was wrought. That sore heart of the world does not turn to thrones, nor palaces, nor parliaments, nor armies, but to a babe in swaddling clothes, to a forsaken sufferer on a malefactor's cross, and, to a God, bursting the cerements of death. There is our hope, our joy, our glory and immortality. Let the mystery burdened ages roll on; they can bring us naught but victory. Let the powers of darkness beat themselves vainly against the invulnerable bulwarks of hope; they can only wane into annihilation and nothingness. Let pain, and sickness, and sorrow, and death, and hell boast of the little that remaineth to them, for the end of the world's night cometh, the morning of a new day dawns, the skies brighten, the sun rises; and in the midst of that perennial glory there is a throne, and upon that throne sitteth the One who was once a babe in the Bethlehem manger.

Healing the Branch

A greatly esteemed brother who is not externally a member of our communion writes: "Is the breach healing between Conservative and Progressive? Why this unchristian schism? Why not make I John 4: 7 our watchword?"

In reply we will say that the Brethren church will accept I John 4: 7 as a basis of reunion. But I John 4: 7 is one thing, and the policy of the "Annual Meeting" is another and a very different thing. "Two can not walk together unless they be agreed," and the difference between the Conservatives and the Progressives, a difference not of doctrine at all but of church government

pure and simple, is so radical that organic union is impossible, and we had just as well recognize that fact and address our efforts to the healing of that part of the breach which is distinctly spiritual, the breach of charity. That this fundamental healing is making progress we earnestly hope and believe, but the progress is necessarily slow so long as we are regarded as prodigals whose simple duty is to go to the Annual Meeting very humbly and beg pardon for everything; so long as we are excluded from all recognition as Christians, or our ministers as ministers; so long as our baptisms are pronounced to be spurious; so long as the Lord's table is forbidden our membership; and so long, in short, as I John 4: 7 is formally, officially and completely ignored by the Annual Meeting whenever it takes the trouble to remember that the Brethren church is in existence. Now if our dear brother who has too much true Christian charity to be able to appreciate the enormous amount of Christianity and common sense in this state of things, will make such a specific application of the law of love in I John 4: 7 to the disease herein described as to bring about the devoutly desired healing, we will make an immediate pilgrimage to his home in the distant hills to join with him, on our knees, in the most earnest and most joyous thanksgiving to God that ever ascended from human lips and hearts.

The Angelic Carol

Since the bright dawn of heavenly time
When angels sprang to life sublime,
When grand apocalyptic hour
Revealed the heart of love, or arm of power,
No joy like this had surged o'er heaven
As when the Christ to earth was given,
And Bethlehem saw the infant Lord
Who made the heavens with his mighty Word.

To Abraham the shepherd, Jacob the shepherd, David the shepherd, came the brightest promises of the coming Messiah, and it seems fit that to humble shepherds, watching their flocks by night, should come the first announcement of the blessed fulfillment of these promises, the advent of that great Shepherd of the sheep, who likewise watches over and defends them throughout the night of this world's peril and sorrow.

Eloquent tongues have dwelt upon the fitness of those humble accessories which marked the birth of the Saviour, the obscure villagers who saw the angelic glory, the manger which cradled the august babe, the mean appointments of his first resting place in the world he had made, and which he had come to save. But there was no meanness about the star which left its orbit in the sky to greet the "Morning Star" of the world's hope, nor about the great men who brought from afar royal gifts, of gold, and frankincense, and myrrh, and worship of opened eyes and loyal hearts. There is no